

Amid all the solemnities of such a day—the experimental day of an enterprise in which the East and the West are partners—it is impossible not to take an interest in one's own fortunes, in the chance of going in this or that ship, above all in the scene of confusion that followed the sudden order of debarkation from the Guineen. By good luck we lay alongside the Péluze, and the voyage from one ship to the other was short. But the order came early, and it found not a few sluggards in their beds. There were trunks, to be packed and trunks to be got out of the hold, and a confusion of the kind that had to be transported with one's own self or selves. Some of our passengers are anything but journalists, and have come to the canal opening as to a picnic, bringing with them their wives and kindred. I with my one traveling-bag and trunk have a certain interest in watching the struggles of those who have loaded themselves with heaps of luggage. Generals who have great store of uniforms, dead-end from Paris with no end of wardrobes, dainty

The first station, fifteen kilometers, was reached in an hour and three-quarters. At this rate, if all goes well, we ought to reach Ismailia before dark. Whether we do or not does not much matter, for the fete and the fall are put off till to-morrow, but we want to get on if only to prove that we can get on. In the exhilaration and excitement of this morning we are all partisans, and since we have been in the canal we have banished all doubts about its complete success. They were destined to be revived—not doubts of success, but doubts of complete success at this moment. For near Kantara we passed an Egyptian corvette, the Latif, anchored close against the bank. She was not one of the ships of our procession, as we at first thought. The Latif had been sent into the canal previously, to settle the question whether the heavy ships in Port Said harbor could or could not enter to-day. She had settled

town was on its further bank, they said, but what we see is not a town. Land and houses there are none. There are lines of light on the surface of the water, and, rising above the water, palaces built of shining lamps, and ships whose masts and rigging are all of fire. It is an enchanted world, and a fairy palace floating on the sea, rising out of it as Venice rises. The fire grew into flames of green and crimson, and the palace and the ships were all of fire. The conflagration was to destroy them, and die out, and leave only ashes and the darkness; but when the flames subsided the delicate lines of light were still there. At last we were in the land of the Arabian Nights, and the splendor that was all about us and that we saw with our eyes was greater than the splendors the most daring fiction had created.

The pulse got off about midnight and steamed on to her berth in the harbor. The day was over, the success of it, the marvel of it, the delight of it, the proof it had given of the grand success of the canal,

[illegible]

COKE, \$3 50! 3,000 CHARDONS,  
delivered from MANHATTAN GAS WORKS, J. SMITH.  
Avenue C.